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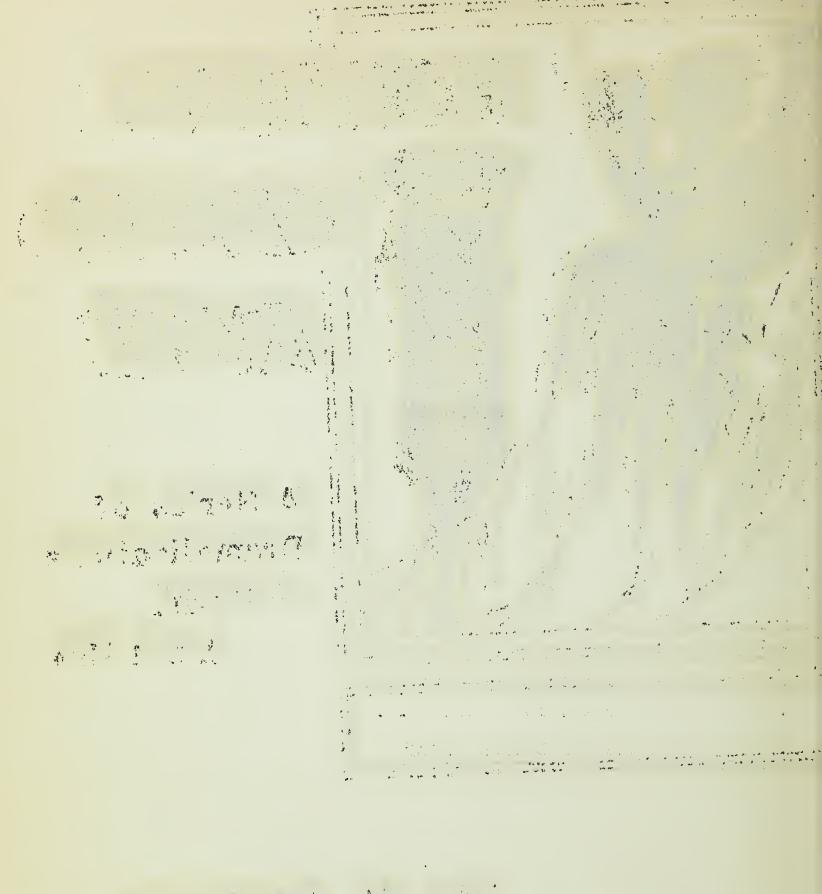
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"THE STRANGE CASE OF DOCTOR FITTS"

W.L.W CINCINNATI

United States Department of Agriculture

Soil Conservation Service

Dayton · Ohio



VOICE (over filter mike)

I can't understand what possessed young Doc Fitts to give up a good medical practice and go in for farming.

FITTS

I'll tell you why!

MOTHER

And so will I! And my boy will show you!

ANNOUNCER

The Strange Case of Doctor Fitts: The 134th episode of "Fortunes Washed Away!"

ORGAN THEME: I GET THE BLUES WHEN IT RAINS.

ANNOUNCER

Some ancient nations considered the hog a sacred animal, others called it unclean. Legend and story have it that Moses forbade the Israelites to eat pork, lest it render them unfit for the march from Egypt. But the hog is an animal as old as history, and today America is the great swine-producing region of the world, with the United States producing nearly half the hogs of the world. There are many breeds, and every breed has its admirers. Some praise the big Poland-Chinas, some the small Yorkshires, some the Duroc-Jerseys...

VOICE (over filter mike)

Did you say Durocs? Well, many farmers raise Durocs, but few really have a definite idea in mind when they mate animals. Ohio has its Jackson, Kentucky has the McKee Brothers...

ANNOUNCER

....and Tennessee has Doctor William J. Fitts, of Gallatin, Tennessee, originator of the Protection-Colonel cross in Durocs. But it was at the turn of the century when....

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ORGAN: Old fashioned organ playing SWANEE RIVER.

FITTS

Mother ...

ORGAN: A bit softer ...

FITTS

Mother, may I talk to you?

ORGAN: Out abruptly.

MOTHER

Certainly, William. What is it?

FITTS

How do you like my being a doctor?

MOTHER

How do I....why, William! You're just a tall, good looking boy, just out of medical school, and already you have the largest practice in the county! That should answer your question.

ORGAN: Start playing again ...

FITTS

Mother! What I mean is...

ORGAN: out abruptly.

MOTHER

Yes, son.

FITTS

But you know I wanted to be a surgeon.

MOTHER

I know, William. I'm sorry I hindered you....because of my health,

I couldn't stand it in the city, and so we....

FITTS

Oh, no, mother! You're the only "family" I have...and you mean more to me than all the surgical practices in the world. But I've had this country practice for a year now, and I've had enough. No time of my own. Doctored everybody. And all they needed, most of them, was a dose of salts!

MOTHER (patiently)

What are you trying to tell me?

FITTS

Mother, I want to be a farmer!

MOTHER

A farmer? Why, William, you don't know the first thing about farming. Why, you've never had any experience in farming.

FITTS

But I didn't know anything about medicine when I started out, either. Oh, I like medical work. I like to do all I can to make people better, and in my own small way, improve our race. And yet, there's something about the earth that sort of gets you. The love of the land, you might call it. Now, I know where we can get a 300-acre farm not far from Gallatin...oh, it'll cost money...about three thousand down on a ten-thousand dollar farm...but I know we can make it.

MOTHER (deliberately)

Son, you remind me of your father. He was just like you. And, you still have about you that self-contained and jaunty air of competence.. I guess that's what distinguishes the able young medical man from the able young of any other profession. (PAUSE) I'll help you buy the farm, my boy.

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ORGAN: BRIDF BRIDGE DENOTING SPACE OF TIME, fading out into

SOUND: Clock ticking loudly...

MOTHER (off mike)

William! Are you still up?

FITTS

Why, yes ... I hope I didn't wake you.

SOUND: Woman coming down stairsteps while she speaks ...

MOTHER (fading in)

No, but this is about the tenth time in a row you've stayed up in the late hours. I'm afraid you'll catch cold.

FITTS

I've been doing some figuring, and...mother, you remember what that man said about us buying this farm?

MOTHER

You mean the one who laughed and ...

FITTS

...that's the one.

MOTHER (burlesquing the other man)

My dear boy, I was considering buying this farm myself. But I con't worry. I'll get it anyhow. You'll never get it paid for. You don't know anything about farming. (OUT OF BURLESQUE) Oh, he burned me up plenty...

FITTS (laughing)

A perfect imitation. (SERIOUSLY) Mother, we are getting it paid for. I've worked like a dog, plowed every inch of the place myself, did most of the milking...and now, we've gone in for Durocs.

MOTHER

Instead of those other hogs you had.

FITTS

Yes, little pudgy hogs, their bellies rolling along on the cobs in the feed lot.

MOTHER

So you wanted to study one breed, and so you went over to the red hogs.

FITTS

That's why I've been studying late at night, mother...I've studied Duroc bloodlines just like I studied medicine. I want to get some good Durocs, get away from inbreeding, yet go after that evenness and uniformity that comes from line-breeding. Now, I know where I can get some good...

ORGAN: BRIEF BRIDGE ...

FITTS

Yes, the Colonel family, bred by the McKees of Kentucky, ought to blend all right with the Protections, developed by Jackson of Ohio!

ORGAN BRIEF BRIDGE

FITTS

I'll buy Monarch, son of Defender and great grandson of Orion Chief.

It'll be the best day's work I ever did in the hog business. He'll stamp his trademark on every one of my herd.

ORGAN: BRIEF BRIDGE

FITTS

I'll keep watching, yes, I'll keep buying, but I'll keep out the bad ones and keep in the good...I'll...(PAUSE)....he's born! We'll name him Woodlawn Cherry King!

ORGAN: UP AND OUT.

SOUND: Man whistling, fading in ...

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MOTHER

Rather happy, William?

FITTS

And why shouldn't I be?

SOUND: Rustling of paper ... slapped on table.

MOTHER

And what is this?

FITTS

Read it for yourself.

MOTHER

Why ... it's ... the deed to our farm. We own it, debt free.

FITTS

Yes, the Durocs have paid off. And the farm's our own ...

MOTHER

Our own.

FITTS

But mother

MOTHER

Yes, William, what is it you're trying to say?

FITTS

You know how much I have saved for the farm. You know I didn't even dare to get a new suit of clothes unless it was absolutely necessary....

MOTHER

William: You have a new suit. (LAUGHING) Don't think I didn't

know!

FITTS (embarrassed)

Do....you like it?

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MOTHER

Oh, my boy...you are more handsome than ever. (THEN SUSPICIOUSLY)
What were you going to say?

ORGAN: Sneak in HERE COMES THE BRIDE

FITTS (calmly)

I'm 35 years old now. I've waited until we could be free of debt and so, well, I thought that, we...

MOTHER (knowingly)

William, are you trying to tell me about Nancy Lee?

FITTS

Yes, mother, Nancy Loc and I are to be married. Here she is.

MOTHER

Welcome, Nancy Lee...new mistress of Woodlawn Farm. Take care of him, and God make him take care of you.

ORGAN: UP and into MENDELSSOHN'S WEDDING MARCH and out.

ANNOUNCER

That seems a long time ago, but it isn't, really, for times change, and men dream, and as they dream, so they achieve. County Agricultural Agent C. W. Robison went out to Woodlawn Farm on a windy day last week....

ROBISON (shouting off mike)

Hey, hold on there, Doc!

FITTS (shouting)

Right with you.

SOUND: Mule trotting up and stopping...

FITTS

H'ya, Mr. Robison!

ROBISON

Hello, Doc. Looks like you're out riding the range.

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FITTS

No, just looking over the pastures. Just wanted to be sure I didn't keep my stock on 'em too long. If you keep them too long in the winter, they'll punch holes in the sod and wash to beat all get out, and...oh, you know that.

ROBISON

I'm glad you know it. Too many farmers don't. That's one of the things we have to fight all the time -- winter grazing. It brings on soil erosion, and, a ruined pasture. (BRIGHTENING) But that's not what I came out to see you about. I read in the paper that you're a national figure!

FITTS (laughing)

Yeh? A national figure on a sway-backed mule! If you want to see a national figure come on up to the hog lot.

ORGAN: BRIEF BRIDGE.

ROBISON

That's him, huh. Nice hunk of pork.

FITTS

That's my head sire...look at him, stretched out there absorbing winter sunshine. Look at the length of him! Wait....there!

SOUND: Hog "oinks" and gets up...

FITTS

Look at him, will you!

ROBISON

Spry as a kitten, and all hog!

FITTS

Not only that, he always passes it on. I don't get just one or two good pigs a year from him, but a <u>hundred</u> head, all uniform in color, type, temperament, character.

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ROBISON

You seem to like that boar.

FITTS

Let me tell you. I sat up nights thinking about a hog just like that a good many years ago. And now there is one.

ROBISON

He's fine. And I think your whole farm plan is fine too, Doc.

FITTS

I don't know about that. Of course we like our purebred hogs, but we also take a lot of pride in keeping our soil from washing. We don't have much trouble here at Woodlawn Farm, because we keep most of the land anchored with grass and alfalfa to feed our livestock.

ROBISON

But how about your wife's farm?

ORGAN: AMERICA: THE BEAUTIFUL

FITTS

Nancy Lee's? It's more rolling, and we are terracing all of the land that needs terracing. We're using cover crops this winter, using the lime and fertilizer that is needed...here's how we feel about it, Mr. Robison. This is good land. Nancy Lee and I will keep it good...because not only Nancy Lee and I, but all America, need this land of ours.

ORGAN: UP AND OUT.

ANNOUNCER

That is the true story of W. J. Fitts, who farms for keeps in Summer County, Tennessee, breeding great Duroc-Jerseys, and building his farmlands to stay. And now, once again we turn to the Soil Conservation Service of the United States Department of Agriculture, and here is Ewing Jones.

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JONES

carried out by "Doc" Fitts and his wife, Nancy Lee...they were among the first in the county to start such a program. Now, other farmers are going ahead, under the able leadership of County Agent C. W. Robison.

ANNOUNCER

In what particular way, Ewing?

JONES

Through that fast growing trend toward soil conservation districts.

ANNOUNCER

And so a soil conservation district has come to the Highland Rim.
JONES

Yes, it was one of the first three organized in Tennessee, voted in by a vote of 246 to 52. Fred Ray, of Portland, is the chairman, and the other members of the board of supervisors are Billy Austin, W. H. McClothin, O. E. Rhodes, and Floyd Black...good farmers, all of them, or naturally they wouldn't have been elected by the farmers within that district.

ANNOUNCER

Well, tell me...now that the district is underway, what methods will they adopt to control soil erosion in Summer County?

Terracing?

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JONES

That undoubtedly will be one of them, although that's up to the farmers to decide for themselves. But County Agent Robison says that contour tillage will be the chief control measure...in fact, he says this method of plowing around the hill instead of up-and-down hill is going to revolutionize farming practices in Summer County. Other control measures will probably include strip cropping, more winter cover crops, and a big switch from soil depleting crops to small grains and meadows. There's been too much dark tobacco there, and with a lack of market, plus the fact that tobacco is such a soil destroyer, the farmers within the district have been hit protty hard. But they are now pushing forward with a constructive program of soil defense. And speaking of soil defense,

ANNOUNCER

Behind the plow that turns the earth that yields the food -Behind machines that make the plows that turn the earth -Behind the train and plane and truck that bear the food -Behind the store that stocks and sells the food -Within the homes, the grand and mean, where food is eaten --

JONES

There stand the American people, and the American farmer, more and more is learning to defend his soil.

ORGAN THEME: I GET THE BLUES WHEN IT RAINS.

JONES (on cue)

This is Ewing Jones, speaking for the Soil Conservation Service of the United States Department of Agriculture... and goodbye until next week at this same time, when once again we bring you a story of "Fortunes Washed Away."

ORGAN: UP AND OUT.

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